

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ref. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
He loue her dearly, euer, euer dearly.

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce step betwene me and you.

O my deere mother do I see you liuing?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with
thee: Let thy curties alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou best yet a fresh vn-cropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and He pay thy dower.
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Refoldedly more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

*The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,
That you expresse Content: which we will pay,
With strict to please you, any exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt om.*

FINIS.



Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other
Lords.

Duke.
Musick be the food of Love, play on,
Give me excess of it: that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Srealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Love, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But falls into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; so full of shap is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantasticall.
Cur. Will you go hunt my Lord?
Du. What Curio?
Cur. The Hart.
Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:
O when mine eyes did see *Oliuia* first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer:
The Element it selfe, till seuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloystreffe she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.
Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the stocke of all affections else
That lue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of flowres,
Lone-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Sailors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylers?
Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were sau'd.
Vio. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number sau'd with you,
Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother
Most provident in perill, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
To a strong Masse, that liu'd vpon the sea:
Wherelike *Orion* on the Dolphin's backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'st thou this Country?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place.
Vio. Who gouernes heere?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Barchellor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of)
That he did seeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.
Vio. What's shee?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That did some twelue month since, then leauing her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue
(They say) she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.
Vio. O that I seru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world

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Till